mess me up (but no one does it better) by brawls (brawlite), ToAStranger

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Summary:

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“Honey, I'm home,” he says.

Steve glances at him. Tries not to look too long because Billy will catch him and then it'll be a weird game of chicken *to see who breaks first.*

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Author's Note:

> Part one of a modern series that already has, like, three other parts written to it. Basically a big ol' excuse for brawls and me to write lots of smut with a bit of plot sprinkled in.
>
> title from *make me feel* by janelle monáe

Steve's not really sure *how* he ended up here. A shitty, two bedroom apartment, shacking up with someone who, three years ago, Steve wouldn't have even considered a possible roommate let alone, like, a *friend* , trying to figure out just what the *fuck* he's supposed to do with his life.

But La Jolla's got a nice crowd. Good vibe. Keeps him from vibrating right out of his skin.

Mostly.

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"Honey, I'm home," he says.

Steve glances at him. Tries not to look *too* long because Billy will catch him and then it'll be a weird game of *chicken* to see who breaks first.

Steve has been keeping better mind of his eyes since they started kinda, *maybe* fucking around.

It was about three months ago, on a day they both had off, and Steve had scored some damn good weed-- because he *always* scores damn good weed-- and they'd gotten high. They'd gotten *handsy*. And in the

morning, Billy had looked at him and said *don't make this weird* , and, like, Steve is *trying* , but Billy is kind of *hot* and *a good distraction* and, well, *he offered* .

I'll distract you anytime you like, pretty boy.

And it's not like Steve didn't know Billy was gay or that he had his own curveball leanings, but it had taken a lot for Billy to *say it* and Steve definitely didn't want him to think he was *grossed out* and one thing led to another and--

His head is a mess, just thinking about it. *Friends with benefits* , Billy called it, *uncomplicated.* But it feels pretty complicated to Steve.

“Can't believe you still gotta pay extra for plastic bags,” Billy sneers as he dumps the groceries on the counter.

Steve spits out his pen cap and *tries* not to stare at Billy's *ass* because Billy *rode him* last night and Steve's a *gentleman* . “Recycling is good for the environment.”

Steve knows that Billy is *incapable* of remembering the reusable bags that sit next to the fridge. But so is Steve, *so* .

“Baby,” Billy says, face halfway in the fridge. “Did you take the last of the almond milk? I would've bought *more* .”

And that's a *thing* , Billy does -- the *baby* thing -- that Steve didn't *know* about until now. Until it was way too late.

Steve frowns at him; upside down, Billy's legs look *stupidly* long. Which is funny because Billy's *always* trying to sneak a few inches on him.

“You drank it all yesterday, when you rolled in from the gig at the Gaslight district.” Steve tells him, eyeing the word *lissome* and wondering how he'd use it in a sentence.

“You sure?” Billy asks, but it doesn't sound mean, just tired.

The kind of tired that comes from sleepless nights and too much work. The kind of tired that comes from too much heat.

Billy must've finished putting the groceries away, because suddenly he's standing over Steve, glass of ice water in his hand. Condensation drip, drip, dripping on the ground.

Steve makes a face at him. "Am I sure I saw you *guzzling* the almond milk down, buck naked, like an *animal* in the kitchen at two in the morning? Yeah, I'm *pretty* sure."

Billy makes a face right back at him. "Maybe if you hadn't fucked me half an inch from unconsciousness, I would've *remembered* ."

Like he's *put upon* . Like he didn't talk about how great it had been for hours afterward.

"I'm *sorry* ," Steve tilts his head at him, lips pursing because he's honestly just trying not to *smile* . " *Who* came home and woke me up *bitching* about not getting any dick while you were out?"

"You were *barely* even sleeping," Billy says, even though they both know he'd been out like a light.

"I'm *supposed* to be getting eight hours a night," Steve says, because Billy *knows* that he can't sleep for shit and it's gotten *worse* since his dad died, but he *also knows* Billy knows he gets some of his *best sleep* when Billy's around. "My therapist *said so* ."

Especially after they've fucked.

Billy shifts, moving until the dripping water from his glass hits Steve's stomach. "Didn't see you complaining about it," Billy says.

Maybe because he woke Steve up with his mouth on Steve's cock. Just *maybe* .

Steve's skin jumps and he hisses, batting at Billy's knees with his book. "Dick."

"You look hot," Billy says, like it gives him a pass to lean down and *set his glass* on Steve's stomach.

Steve jerks, slapping at him with a huff of a sound. "I'm *always* hot."

“I *know* ,” Billy says, put upon and a little rough. Steve gets the feeling he's not *just* talking about temperature, with the way Billy's looking at him.

Steve's brow goes up, and he tosses his book aside. He knows this is a crossroads in a series of crossroads. Knows that one of them will make a move.

Steve's just not sure *who* .

Billy ditches his cup. But not before fishing an ice cube out of it with calloused fingertips. It finds Steve's skin fast, a jolt, as Billy crawls onto the couch next to him.

“Maybe I can help with that,” he says.

Steve sucks in a breath through his teeth, hand going for Billy's wrist and *squeezing* . Billy glides the ice down Steve’s stomach and water pools in Steve's navel as it melts against his skin.

Throat working, Steve meets Billy's eyes, and finds his gaze dark, *focused* on him. And Steve flounders under it. Drops his grip on Billy's wrist and flinches as Billy pulls the ice up his chest.

“I'm too hot to fuck you,” Steve says, matter of fact, quick-- but Billy grins.

“I'm still sore from last night,” Billy says, all nonchalant. He's really come a long way. It's sometimes like Steve created a *monster* . “You're not putting anything inside me. You don't gotta *do* anything. I'm offering to do all the work here.”

Billy settles himself somewhere in the middle of the couch and then pulls, tugging at Steve until he’s over Billy's lap, chest on the sofa, ass in the goddamn air. And, because he's *Billy* , he smacks it lightly.

Steve's breath leaves him in a rush. The implication is obvious, and, *okay* , Billy's *talked* about fucking him but he *hasn't yet* . He's eaten him out and blown him and fucked Steve's thighs, rutted *against* him, let *Steve* fuck *him* and blow him, and they’ve jerked each other off, but hasn't actually *fucked him* . They’ve kinda had their hands full-- sometimes literally-- doing other things.

And the thing is-- *the thing is* , Steve has known for a while he swings both ways, but other than some PG-13 on top of the clothes shit, Steve *hasn't* with *anyone* other than his own hands, so. So Steve's already had a lot of firsts with Billy and this would be another and Steve hasn't *told* Billy but-- Steve *wants it* .

He pinches at Billy's thigh through his jeans. " *All* the work, huh?"

"Well," Billy says, all slow and drawn out as he palms Steve's ass through his boxers. Like he's *assessing the situation.* "Can't say I won't get you squirming."

And it's a promise, because Billy is so *good* with his hands.

"Whadd'ya say, baby? Can I get my fingers in you? I've been thinking about it all goddamn day."

Steve shudders, turning his face and pressing his cheek to the cool relief of the couch. "Thinking about it all day. How'd you manage to get *anything* done?"

"I took a long lunch," Billy says, like it's *nothing* , implying he got himself off in some bathroom or closet somewhere. To the thought of *Steve* .

And then, he reaches into the cushions of the couch and pulls out a bottle of lube, because he's Billy, because he's *gross* .

Steve's shoulders shake as he laughs, face pressing to the leather of the couch as he shifts across Billy's thighs. "You're so fucking *nasty* , Billy, jesus."

"Yeah, but are you saying *no* ?" Billy asks, shaking the small bottle in Steve's face.

And it's kinda a nice thing about Billy -- he always checks in, especially if they're doing something new together.

Steve scoffs out a laugh. "Get your fucking fingers in me, Hargrove."

Steve's boxers are off before he can even *register* it.

“Jesus, this *ass* ,” Billy says, fingers splaying over Steve's skin, warm. Billy grips him, spreads him, just drinks him in. Way too goddamn slow.

Steve shivers, fingers curling into the buttery leather of the couch, and he shifts against him, breath catching when he realizes just how *hard* he is. Hard and nervous and hopefully hiding it well.

Billy's hands feel *big* and so *warm* on him. His thumbs dip between his thighs and follow the crease under the swell of his ass.

“ *Any* minute now, Billy.” Steve says, voice wavering.

“Jesus, let me savor the pretty picture, Harrington. You don't gotta be such a slut for it.”

But Billy sounds fond and he's also taking his hands away, popping open that bottle of lube.

Soon, slick, warm fingers are sliding over the seam of him, over sensitive nerves and neglected flesh. Steve jolts a little, and Billy's free hand comes to balance on his lower back, pressing down. Like a comfort. Or just keeping him still.

Steve takes and breath and then lets it all out. Digs around for something to anchor to, gripping the edge of a cushion, and feeling hot, hot, *hot* . Knows what he must look like as he squirms, what *they* must look like, with Steve naked and laid out over Billy's lap like this. With Billy teasing at the heat of him with slick fingertips.

“You *love* that I'm a slut for it,” Steve breathes.

“ *Yeah* ,” Billy says, and it's just as breathy. And it's dizzying, knowing he made Billy like that.

But Billy doesn't let him think about that for long, because then he's pressing the tip of one finger in, breaching Steve, pushing into his heat.

Steve squeezes his eyes shut and focuses on his breath. On staying *relaxed* . On *letting* Billy open him up. He knows Billy can't see his face, but he can *damn well* read his body.

Billy's slow about it, though. Steady as he slides a finger in, pressing and stretching and slicking up tender skin. Steve's breath feels hot against the couch.

What's weird is -- Billy's really not in any rush at *all* . He's normally greedy, frantic as he ruts up against Steve in their moments together. As he gets himself off with Steve dicking him down.

But now? Now, *Billy fucking Hargrove* seems to be taking his goddamn time. Touching Steve like his ass is one of the seven wonders of the world.

“God, you feel so good, you're so *tight,* baby,” Billy says.

He curls his finger a little, and then Steve is seeing *stars* . Steve gasps, bucking, and letting out a low moan as his cock drags against Billy's thigh. His spine curves down, ass pressing up, and Billy withdraws and does it *again* .

Steve's entire *body* shakes. Because he's done this to himself, felt that shock of heat and the sudden rush of pleasure that burns along his nerves, but he hasn't had *this* . Someone touching him like this, far more insistent with overwhelming his body with pleasure than Steve's ever been with himself.

“ *Billy* ,” he moans.

“Yeah? You like that?” Billy asks, because sometimes Steve thinks he just likes to hear himself talk.

Billy presses and presses, stretching, massaging Steve out with one finger, seeming to delight in all the ways he can make Steve squirm.

“Want another?” Billy asks, playful tone in his voice.

Steve's got a real strong suspicion he's not gonna be *nice* about it.

“Yes,” Steve says anyways, panting, pulse in his ears.

Steve can *feel* the way Billy grins. Doesn't even need to look at him. And then, Billy crooks his finger again, just right, and says: “You gotta *ask* for it, baby.”

Steve *whines* , soft and slow, from the back of his throat. His toes curl and he tightens up, muscles clenching, and hears Billy suck in a sharp breath.

“I want it,” Steve says, forehead pressing to the couch. “More. Please. I want it.”

“Jesus, you're as pretty as a picture, huh?”

Billy doesn't move instantly, but eventually he does slide his finger out, slick himself up with more lube, and then presses down on Steve's hole with two of his fingertips.

But that's *it* . He barely breaches Steve, just pushes down, plays with him, with that ring of muscle. *Teasing.*

Steve *hates* him for a second. He tries to rock back, to get him to *give him what he wants* but the hand on the dip of his lower back *presses* and Steve *groans.* Kicks against the couch. Drops a hand to pinch at Billy's calf.

“Come *on* ,” Steve says.

“Jesus,” Billy says, but he's laughing. “Quit squirming, you brat.”

He presses in just a *little* bit more. Enough to get Steve gasping just a bit at the stretch of it, at the impossibility of Billy's fingers stretching him wide. The promise of it.

There's an ache in his gut like a double edged blade. A tightness, a burn as Billy teases him open. And a trembling maw of *hunger* to have him sink in and make Steve feel *full* .

Billy withdraws as Steve tightens up, muscles fluttering, keening moan catching in his mouth and filling it with heat. Then he circles his fingertips around his rim and presses back in a little *more* .

Steve moans his name, eyes wide, hips stuttering as he presses, presses, *presses* .

Just when Steve thinks Billy’s giving him what he wants, he eases up, slides his fingers nearly all the way out and then presses in again.

Stretching him a little further this time, filling him up a little bit more. Until Steve can feel Billy bottom out, knuckles hitting Steve's ass.

Billy leaves them like that for a moment, just lets Steve get used to the fullness. Then, he starts stretching, crooking his fingers just so, slowly working a little in, a little out. Just playing with Steve.

Steve arches and stretches and shivers. His breath comes hot and wet against the couch, and he curls his arms under his face as Billy strokes up his spine to squeeze at his nape. Curves his fingers at the same time, buried deep, and rubs over nerves that make Steve's entire body short out and jerk and spasm. That makes him cry out and strain as *heat* pulses through him.

“Billy--" he gasps. “ *Billy* --”

“You can come if you want,” Billy tells him, low. *Nice* . “But I'm not even close to done with you. So. That's up to *you* , baby.”

Steve groans, long and low and desperate. He ruts back because he *wants* it, and he's rewarded with Billy pressing a little *harder.*

He falters and ruts and comes *hard* , painting his skin and Billy's jeans and the *couch* with his spunk, and he usually *hates* making a mess, but Billy's *still pressing,* so Steve can't really *care* right now.

The aftershocks are nearly blinding. There's something about Billy's perfect fingers pressing down that has Steve shaking, has him gasping and riding them through to the point of something near pain. But when he's done, when he doesn't think he can take *any more* , Billy lets up. Doesn't quite take his fingers *out* of Steve, but he quits pressing. Just keeps sliding them in and out, a continuous movement. Massaging the inside of him.

“Fuck, you're so goddamn *hot* ,” Billy says, with a little roll of his own hips.

And Steve can feel him, hard in his jeans, but unhurried about it. Indulgent in what he's doing to Steve, maybe.

Steve moans, breathless and dazed and still shaking. He's never-- he's

never *finished* like that. Never felt something so *hot* like that, in a very literally sense. Doesn't know what to *do* with it.

Just knows he's coasting on bliss. Just knows that Billy's still *in him* , still *fucking him* with his fingers, and it feels *good.* Can't help but spasm around him and try to shy away.

“Hey,” Billy says. “ *Hey,* I got you, baby.”

Like Steve's going *anywhere* .

Billy's gentle with his fingers, even slides them out and gets them real slick again before sliding them back in, fingers scissoring, stretching. Not letting up, but not pushing too hard, either.

“Billy,” Steve sighs, turning his cheek to the couch again, feeling *slick* between his cheeks and so *full* when he slides back in.

“Hmm, baby?” Billy asks, doing something with his fingers that makes Steve *gasp* , breath stolen from his lungs.

Steve pants, doesn't remember what he was gonna say, head swimming. His toes curl and he squirms against the couch, in Billy's lap.

He whines instead, and rocks back against his hand. Clenches around him. Hears Billy groan.

“You want another?” Billy asks, after too long of teasing, of coaxing groans and whines out of Steve.

“Yes,” Steve says because *he does* , wants to feel *more,* and then remembers-- *you gotta ask for it* . “Please? I want another.”

“Goddamn,” Billy says, voice warm like sunlight. “You're so fucking *good.”*

Maybe Steve's reward is that Billy doesn't tease him this time, doesn't keep it from him. Just starts pressing a third finger in alongside the other two. Slow, but steady.

“So good, baby. You take it so *well,* ” Billy tells him.

Steve tries not to preen. It helps that Billy's stretching him *wider* , stuffing him *fuller* .

Steve feels like he might *burst.* Might just split apart at the seams, the pressure is so great, a weight somewhere below his navel that makes him groan. That makes his cock jump, half hard and spent. He whines, high and helpless, and shudders as Billy coaxes his muscles open.

“Oh, god.” He gasps, hiding his face again. “Oh, *fuck* .”

“Yeah?” Billy says, going a little still, just so Steve can feel it more. “You like when I fill you up?”

Steve can't even imagine what Billy’s cock is gonna be like, with how good his fingers feel. But that's so far away, like an impossibility. There's just now, this moment, just Billy's fingers curling inside him and *pressing* .

His voice fails him for a second. Because, fuck, *yes* , he likes it. Likes the *weight* of it, the way the ache in him eases like his body has been *waiting* for this. Likes the feeling of *too much* and the promise of *so much more* .

He doesn't know why he's never *done this* .

“ *Yes,”* he finally manages, clenching around him, moaning breathlessly as the sensation ricochets within him. “God, Billy, *yes* .”

Billy's three fingers press deep, working Steve until he's loose. Until he's *easy* underneath Billy's touch.

“Fuck,” Billy says, rolling his hips a little. He sounds a little surprised, voice tight and low. “I could come just like this. You're so fucking sexy.”

Steve moans, ruts back more, arches and puts on a show of it. Feels hazy and hot at the idea that Billy could get off to *this* . To getting Steve like this.

His eyes roll back when Billy fucks his fingers in a little faster, angled just right, and he chokes on a cry, shifting and squirming in his lap.

Whining, Steve claws at the couch. “ *Billy* .”

And it's hot, how Steve *still* gets so badly distracted by Billy. Because Billy's so *good* at playing him, so good at what he does.

But even Billy's slipping, Steve can tell. His hips are rolling underneath Steve, just little movements that seem near-involuntary. Like he's just so goddamn turned on that he can't stop himself.

“You gonna come *again* for me?” Billy asks, soundly choked off and close himself. And *damn,* wouldn't that be great? Making Billy cream his pants while he’s fingering the fuck out of Steve.

And Steve *wants* it. *Burns* for it. Wants Billy's eyes on him as Steve rocks back to fuck himself on his fingers. Wants to put on such a good show that Billy *loses* it.

Can't, actually, think of anything *better* .

So, he moans, bracing himself a little to rock back and meet him. Tightens up around his fingers and shifts against him, gives him a little friction to work with. Turns his face to look at him, to catch his eyes as he pants Billy's name.

“Feels so good, baby.” Steve says, slurs, watches Billy's eyes go a little wide. “So fucking-- *full* of you. Haven't ever-- no one's *ever*-- god, Billy, you feel so *good* .”

Halfway through Steve talking, Billy’s body goes *tight* . And Steve knows him well enough by now to know that Billy’s *close* . So close.

All it takes is one more sinful roll of his hips and Billy’s gasping out, groaning. His fingers twitch inside Steve and his hips *stutter* underneath him as he comes in his jeans.

“Fuck,” Steve breathes, eyes a little wide on Billy's face, and he bucks sharply at the *arousal* that floods through him at the sight of Billy's panting, flush face. “ *Fuck* , Billy.”

Billy’s still feeling it, Steve can tell, when he turns his attention back on Steve.

“God, you’re so good,” he tells Steve, and curls those fingers of his, moving them just so. Filling Steve deeper and deeper as he fucks into him. “C’mon, baby,” Billy says, and it’s a plea. “Want you to come for me. Just for me.”

Steve shudders, bucking again, and spasming. He gasps, nodding haplessly, and rocks with the rhythm of his fingers. Cries out when Billy buries them deep, curls, and *strokes* over nerves that make Steve feel like he's *on fire* .

There's pressure. Behind his eyes, in his ears, below his navel. Pressure that's heavier and headier than before. It makes him gasp, over and over, until he can't anymore.

And then he's coming again, nothing but Billy's fingers inside of him to get him there, vision going fuzzy at the edges as he chokes on his own voice.

Billy finger-fucks him through it, coaxing the longest fucking orgasm out of Steve. One that leaves him gasping, nearly out of breath.

“ *Baby* ,” Billy says, and the tone of it makes Steve shiver, makes him shake.

He’s still sensitive when Billy slides his fingers free, when he lets his clean hand splay over Steve’s back, just touching, just running over smooth skin. Steve savors it. *Needs* it. To ground him while he's still swimming and shaking, little tremors shuddering up through him as he lays there.

He blinks slow when fingers card through his hair. Wrinkles his nose up when he shifts and feels the mess they've made.

“I hate cleaning up jizz,” Steve mumbles.

“Same,” Billy says. He shifts too, making a face. Presumably because he came in his pants and Steve knows Billy kinda hates that. Kinda loves it, too.

Billy doesn't tug Steve up to cuddle, because they don't *do* that. But he does rub over Steve's back, all soft, all *nice* .

And Steve-- Steve lets it lull him. The same way he sometimes lets Billy coax him to sleep after days with almost nothing, a hand in his hair and a shitty scifi movie on. Lets his muscles go easy and lax. Lets his eyes go heavy as his skin finally stops tingling.

“Should shower,” Steve says, after a long moment he's not even sure he spends fully conscious.

“Yeah, we *should* ,” Billy says. “But then we’d have to get *up.* Oh, *and* the shower isn't big enough for two.”

“I never said we should shower *together* ,” Steve says, but he's grinning, resting a cheek on his open palm, hair flopping into his face. “Who says I wanna shower with *you* ? You're all fuckin’ *elbows* when in tight places.”

“Look, that was *one time* ,” Billy says

And Steve grins, because he remembers it like yesterday. They had gone to a house party and had holed up in a closet together, too high and too drunk and too unable to keep their hands off each other.

And *yeah* , Billy had been *all elbows* in the dark. Steve laughs and moves to push up, to get out of Billy's lap before he gets the wrong idea and starts thinking Steve's *comfortable* sprawled like that. Stops only when Billy presses at his lower back to keep him still.

Steve lifts a brow, but goes back down without complaint as Billy stares at him.

“You almost gave me a black eye,” Steve says.

“But I *didn't* ,” Billy says maybe a *little* too quick.

Because one time, Billy *did* give him a black eye. Back in high school, when they had both been very different people. Billy doesn't talk about it much, but he *does* get a little testy about it, when brought up.

His hand is warm and solid around Steve's hip, holding him. This time, it doesn't really feel like he's steadying *Steve* at all.

Steve shivers. Blinks at him. Tries not to be too *pleased* to have Billy keeping him close.

“No,” he agrees. “You didn't.”

Billy should be too warm with Steve on top of him like this. Instead, he seems content. Unhappy to lose it.

“Your pretty face is safe from me,” Billy says, fingers skimming a little over skin. Gentle. “But I'll have you know, I'm a *great* shower buddy.”

Steve snorts, but he feels like melted butter, Billy's fingertips dragging down his spine, a big hand curving over the back of Steve's thigh and squeezing. “Are you? You might have to convince me.”

“Yeah, if we stay in a *hotel* somewhere,” Billy says.

Because their shower is *small* . Even just alone, Billy manages to get water *everywhere* . It's insane.

Steve hums. “I think it sounds a bit like you're a chicken.”

“Hey, *you're* the one who was getting your panties in a bunch about me *crowding* you.”

“I don't know if you noticed or not,” Steve says, all slow, like Billy's *dumb* , because he know it gets *right* under his skin. “But I'm not exactly *wearing* any panties. But if that's a kink of yours you need to explore, I'm down, man.”

Billy's quiet for one second, which is *one second* too long.

“Okay, get up, pretty boy, we're gonna shower and you're gonna hate it.”

Steve's laughing as he twists over to look at him, propped on his hands, pinning Billy's legs with the weight of his body. “No panties, then?”

“Do you even *own* panties?” Billy says, which is really all that Steve needs to know.

Because when Billy *really* doesn't like something? He makes it *all* too clear. Just as he usually does with shit he *likes* , which must mean Steve must've stumbled on something *else* entirely.

“Do you *really* wanna know?” Steve asks, shifting until he's *properly* in Billy's lap, Billy's eyes narrowed on his face as Steve smiles, sly and slow, snaking an arm around his shoulders and sinking his fingers into the hair at the back of his head.

Billy goes a little soft, a little stupid at that. Because even though he's probably worked up over this panty *thing* , Steve knows how to make him roll over. And that's playing with his hair.

“Course I do,” Billy says, but now he's not *hostile* about it. Just intrigued. And docile. “Do you have *panties* , Harrington?”

Steve gaze darts between his eyes.

“Yes,” he says, and then slides out of his lap and onto his feet. “Now, what was that about a shower?”

Before Billy can reply-- or wipe that wide eyed look off his face-- Steve's already headed for the hall that leads to their bathroom.

“Wait,” Steve hears behind him, as well as the thud of Billy stumbling off the couch in a hurry to follow Steve. “Wait, are you *kidding* ?”

Steve doesn't reply, just glances back at him, grin wide and telling, and opens the bathroom door.

Author's Note:

tracklist

make me feel - janelle monáe
sleeping with a friend - neon trees
blow your mind - dua lipa
shameless - the weeknd

sugar - robin schulz
everybody here is a cloud - cloud cult